

like driving muscles, with the blood and nerve of youth.

The champion bellowed a roar whose abdomen was cleaved, roundly in its lines. There was no adroitness to clog his lungs or burden the freedom of his action. Like a racer was Corbett, trim, solid, balanced physically at every point, unless, indeed, the long legs seemed a trifle light for the muscular shoulders and body.

But there was no doubt the power of the limbs under limbs could not know how like steel they had been tempered. The doubters learned later what iron there lay along the slender columns that upheld the man.

Thought It Was to Be a Feet Race.

The great throng leaned forward in deep interest as the gladiators faced each other. After shaking hands Corbett came up, planning. He seemed about like a carpet animal, and while the crowd haw-hawed, Sullivan smiled as though amused. So did Corbett.

But one grew terribly serious before the fight had grown much older, while the other continued to smile in the face of his foe, and in smiling yet.

When the laughter of the throng had subsided the champion's face grew businesslike, and he led, but found nothing at the point at which he had aimed.

Corbett was away like a cat, and he became so elusive that from the vast crowd came a chorus of disgust. Sullivan's face took on a sneer of disgust. He had another trick on the end of the first round Sullivan glanced contemptuously after his adversary, who was springing lightly to his corner. Not a blow had been struck.

Coming up to the second round the crowd was treated to what has gone down in history as "the Sullivan rush." His awful right flew out, but finding lodgment only as a glancing blow on the back of his opponent's head, who wheeled suddenly and slammed his left on the big man's stomach.

And Then the Crowd Went Wild.

Yell! How the crowd did yell!

The cheers for his antagonist's cleverness nettled the champion, though again he smiled in a derisive way. Corbett landed in his face.

The spectacle was new. Old-timers had never before seen any man laughing into the champion's wicked eyes.

A third time the men were arrayed. They flew upon each other a few seconds later, but the young man was away like a shot. But he turned like a flash, and before the breathless crowd could follow his movements, he hit with two vicious blows, one into the champion's face, squaring, and the other almost the same instant on the stomach.

Scarcely had the people time to yell, when, right and left, like lightning, Corbett's fists came back to the champion's stomach. Then the going rang off the round, and pandemonium broke loose.

A fourth time the giants faced each other, for an instant teetering and dodging and ducking. Evidently the crowd thought Corbett a mischief, for a sudden hiss came from the galleries and was followed by a roar.

Corbett heard it and raised a gloved hand deprecatingly. His manner clearly said: "Wait," but the crowd grew more disdainful as the young fellow continued his tactics.

Again they came to position, Sullivan immediately catching Corbett's eye. He clearly saw the expression of disdain. He seemed puzzled that "the awful right" failed to land the victim it sought. There was an onslaught by the champion; then, straight and swift as lightning, Corbett's left shot forth and landed with a shock on Sullivan's jaw.

A Blow That Drew Blood.

The big fellow set his teeth. His lower lip puffed up, and the crowd cried: "See Sullivan's jaw now."

Corbett heeded the injunction. Again his right shot away and blood spurted from Sullivan's nose and right eye. Corbett's face was surely now his grimace.

He tried, but away from Corbett's left and right, landing squarely on the damaged nose again and again. The blows spread blood all over Sullivan's face, until it was dripping with gore.

Another time the men lined up and Sullivan's face bore the prophecy of defeat. His eyes were anxious. His face was pale.

It had surprised and troubled expression and the conviction was being forced on the crowd that possibly Sullivan was to go down. Corbett continued to watch Sullivan's face, stomach, jaw and the bleeding nose that was growing purple. Again and again Sullivan led, but failed and lurched forward with the force of his unbalanced blows.

And so it was and so it continued from round to round until, in the fifteenth, the bleeding champion betrayed clearly the outcome of it all. "It was only a matter of time."

Then Sullivan Last Hope.

When, for the twentieth time, the men stood up, hope had gone from Sullivan's face. Defeat was forcing its iron into his heart. He knew it and showed it.

There came a clinch and a break, and as Sullivan heavily backed away, Corbett raised his face with blows until it was a mass of red and bruises. His body was smeared with blood, he seemed heavy, led no more and waited only for the end. And the time Corbett was smiling in his face.

The end came with the next round. Sullivan hugged Corbett's neck, but it cost him dearly, for the fresh, agile fellow again splattered blood from Sullivan's nose. The big fellow responded as best he could, and there came a clinch. Corbett showed the champion off, as John L. staggered back Corbett felt victory within his reach and he followed his man, slaming right and left on nose, jaw, neck, eyes and mouth.

And Then the Knock-Out.

Finally, with a terrific blow, he knocked Sullivan clear off his feet, and a moment later the champion that was lay flat on his back. Still, Corbett covered him everywhere, and as he lay his great frame was a dire picture.

The count of the referee began and Sullivan moved, rolled over, got on one knee and both hands, and essayed to rise, while Corbett advanced to punch him more should he succeed.

But it was useless. The great bulk of the had-been-champion, reeled and went down again, and the referee called for the referee told that the battle was over.

Corbett leaped then and helped to lift Sullivan to his chair. Sullivan could not recognize him. His head rolled helplessly. Corbett shook his head and he did not know it. A star had set.

A new one had risen.

Sullivan staggered to the center of the ring and made this speech after the ending of the fight:

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "it is the old story. The story of a young man against an old one. There are gray hairs in my head, and I should have known better. There was a curious break in the big fellow's horse voice, but he gulped down his feelings and continued:

"I can only say that I am glad that the championship is to remain in America. That is all I've got to say."

Corbett's Brother Harry Was Over \$10,000 on the Battle.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 8.—Although there had been general hope here that Corbett would win the great fight, there was not

JAMES J. CORBETT,



The New Heavy-Weight Champion.

an unusual amount of money bet on him. As there was a fear that he had undertaken too big a contract when he tackled Sullivan, the betting was 10 to 1 in favor of Sullivan, and quite a number of small wagers were made, but no large amounts.

Members of the Olympic Club, of which Corbett was boxing instructor, backed Jim to a man, and today they are celebrating his victory.

As the progress of the fight showing Corbett's fine fighting was read from the bulletin boards, a grand rush was made to the pool room to hedge.

Corbett's brother Harry conducts the principal pool-room here, and his place was crowded by Jim's followers. The crowd in front of the newspaper bulletin board were so great that the street-car traffic on Market street was impeded.

Great interest was taken throughout the entire State, and every little town and village received bulletins of the contest.

When the result was announced the town simply went crazy for awhile, and cheers for the game California arose on all sides.

Messages of congratulation poured in on Corbett's father, who conducts a livery stable on Hayes street. Corbett, sr., was of course, very proud of his son. He is sorry that Jim is a prize-fighter, but says if the boy insists on following that business he is glad to know that he is at the top.

Corbett's brother Harry was seen by an Associated Press reporter shortly after news of Jim's victory was received. He was engaged in opening champagne at his pool-room. He was very much excited and elated over the fight.

On being asked if the result was anticipated by him he said he expected it to the extent of \$10,000 and had won considerably more than that amount.

Special wires were placed to Corbett's home, and the champion's parents received the news of the fight by rounds. The hope of the family now is that Jim will retire from pugilism on the laurels he has won.

WHAT THE TALENT THINK OF IT.

John L. says that Corbett is the greatest man in the world.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.)

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 8.—Corbett was seen immediately after he entered his dressing-room by an Associated Press reporter. When he came in a dozen men sprang forward, shake his hand, but he pushed them back, saying:

"Don't get so excited. I know I have won and I know you are all glad of it, but don't try to claw me to death. Look at me! I am not even dead yet. I should you people be just get away from me and let me get a little air."

He then lay on his cot and was rubbed down before being weighed. He tipped the scales at 174 pounds, showing that he had lost about five pounds during the fight. In answer to questions Corbett said:

"I know what I could do. Did I not feel you, coming down on the train, I would have hit him with ease, and to tell you I could raise on the result I had been practicing for weeks to guard against his particular style of fighting, and let just as confident of winning as I did that I was alive."

Bob Fitzsimmons knocked at the door and wanted to see Corbett.

"Don't let him in," said the new champion. "I don't want to see him. The big bluff fellow, who would not come near me before the fight and I won't see him now."

The big Californian said that he did not feel the least bit tired, and that he had worked ten times harder than that every day before the fight.

"I am satisfied I could have whipped him very much sooner had I liked and gone into hard fighting, but I was a little 'lucky' on several occasions I was a trifle tempted to close right in on him and do him quick, but my seconds kept me to be a little cautious, that I was doing well and having all the best of it, and that I had better fight a little shy of his right."

Corbett Thanks Donovan.

When Prof. Mike Donovan entered the room Corbett sprang to his feet and greeted him very cordially.

"Well, Mike, we got on top at last. Mike, my boy, every word you said about Sullivan was right. He fought just as you said he would fight, and I followed your advice and here I am winner of the championship. I scarcely know how to thank you and express my gratitude to you."

Billy Delaney, who really deserves great credit for getting Corbett in his present magnificent condition, as no trainer ever worked more faithfully with a man than he did with Corbett, is highly elated over the victory.

variety of opinions. One moment he had been whipped fairly and the next he had not.

"Why, you've been dead four years, John, and you don't know it," said one of the party. Sullivan would not admit that. "No, I have not," he said, and his voice was husky with emotion. "I am all right. The trouble was with my legs."

Then the tears flowed again. To Charley Johnson they were like salt on a wound. "Don't do it, my boy," said he. "You will still be my friend and I will be yours. Nobody was ever your friend in any less your friend now. You've lost the purse."

"But I did not care for the purse," protested Sullivan. "It's not that; what hurts me is that I was kicked by a man like that."

Jack Havlin Surprised.

Jack Havlin, who has spent a lifetime in the ring, could not tell how it happened. "I was on Sullivan," he explained, "and I have not recovered from my surprise. What kicked the big fellow? Why, the other man was too clever. That is all there is to it."

Little Johnnie Griffin seemed to be pleased with the result. "The profession will be elevated by Corbett's victory," he remarked. "I am glad he won."

Davies to Challenge for Jackson.

Parson Davies announces that in a few days he will issue a challenge to Corbett to fight Peter Jackson to a finish for the championship of the world, for a large wager, and the biggest purse offered by any American club.

Asked his opinion about the fight, he said: "As I said before, I thought it would be a short fight, or a very long one, and that Corbett was to win. It was a good fight."

Police Captain Barrett had a bit of an opinion to express. "I think as very one else does, there is no one else for a variety of opinions. The battle was all one way."

Goddard Wants to Fight Corbett.

Joe Goddard had a special interest in the fight. He wants a chance himself at the victor and he did not seem beforehand to be particular who it was. "I want to fight Corbett myself," he authorized the Associated Press representative to say, "for \$10,000 a side. I have my money here and am ready to put it up now. It was an interesting battle, but it turned out as I expected, because Sullivan is a pure out as a fust."

George Dixon Is Pleased.

George Dixon saw the fight and enjoyed the smashing that Sullivan got. "Corbett made a monkey of Sullivan, just as I thought he would," said he. "My wishes were with Corbett, and my money went on him. The winner is a very clever man."

Tom O'Rourke's Prediction Verified.

Tom O'Rourke, who knows a fighter when he sees him, was in the greatest of spirits when the battle was past. He said before the fight that it would result just as it did, and he had been right.

"Corbett was as I predicted," said he, "and a clear head prevailed over brute force and viciousness."

Madden Picked the Winner.

Billy Madden must have been pleased at the kicking that the big fellow got, for he pocketed a big right that he had, and he had a good reason for it. Madden picked Sullivan before the fight, but he and the big fellow have quarreled since, and little love is lost between them.

"I can't see how any one could have expected a different result," said he. "It was really likely. Sullivan's day has gone. As he said, he went up a time too often. Every body knows that he has lived too fast. No physique could stand the clip. Corbett is the greatest man Sullivan ever met. People laughed at me years ago when I tried to get him and called him a prince. I am ahead on the fight."

Campbell Praised Corbett.

Walter Campbell, the light-weight, said: "Corbett is one of the greatest men I ever saw. Billy Madden told me that coming down on the train. I thought he was clever, but he believed he lacked judgment. I was agreeably disappointed. Sullivan used bad judgment from start to finish. Whenever he hit, he hit to hurt. He hit to hurt, and with his right he generally missed Corbett. Jim is a world beater."

All Kennedy, Myer's brother, was sorry he was not in the winning class, but had a front seat nevertheless. "It was a fine fight," he said, "and I am a little awed. I have seen a lot of prize-fighting, but I have never seen a man like Sullivan. He is too old to fight. In fact none of these men have any license to go in the ring when they are past thirty against a clever young man, with speed and endurance. Corbett is the cleverest big man that ever stepped into a ring."

Billy Myer Bet on Corbett.

Billy Myer said: "It was a good, clean fight. I backed the winner, Corbett, and I had my money before he went to the club, and I had his word that he would win and win easily. I never saw a man more confident in my life."

The Grand Opera-house will be packed to the doors tonight when the day after tomorrow, will introduce Corbett from the stage as the champion of the world. Mr. Corbett and Brady joined in a request to Mr. Harry McKenry (Baum), the well-known sporting writer, to act as master of ceremonies.

At the close of the fight, the champion stepped the stage and presented him to the audience.

When the little bodyguard got into the room, Sullivan threw himself on a lounge and broke down entirely. His self-control was gone, and in a moment he was blubbering like a child.

There were waiting attendants by his side, and they went to work at once to cheer up the ex-champion, who was pitiable in the ruin of his hopes and the sudden halt in his career.

In a little while he was freshened up physically, but his spirits seemed to sag, in proportion to his recovery from the beating he received. His upper lip was bruised and swollen to twice its natural size.

There were splashes of red, raw as beef, on his stomach, where Corbett had sent home that clever, vicious left, and the nose was cut and bleeding. The sweat around the corner of the mouth had gone, and the countenance had lost its fire.

"I did not feel him but once," he sobbed. "The punishment did not hurt me early in the fight. It was only in the last round that he troubled me. When he smashed me in the face then I felt as though I was calling back ward off a bridge to water, and after that I don't remember anything."

Another spl of crying came. "Charley, I'm sorry you backed me and lost your money," came through his swollen lips. It was a wall of distress, and Johnston felt as though he was an actor and fighter too. You have been doing fancy slugging, and you have lost your grip. It can't be helped."

He got it last night and no mistake, and now Mr. James J. Corbett stands on the highest pinnacle of fame that it is possible for a professional pugilist to achieve, and his

praises are sounded throughout the length and breadth of the land.

He administered to the Boston terror such a force, whose knowledge, and, in fact, had things so completely in his own hands from the very beginning of the battle, that the friends of the ex-champion were fairly dumfounded, not to say paralyzed.

But they were not half so much shocked and amazed as John L. himself, who, as soon as he received the blow, saw the ponderous and bulky body that led him bleeding to the floor like an ox, inquired of his friends in the bewildered tones:

"Say, am I kicked? Did that young fellow do it?"

A Feeling of Pity for Sullivan.

But with all the elation over the brilliant victory of Corbett, there was a feeling of pity for the ex-champion who had suffered the first defeat in his career, and his coming forward in a manly way and acknowledging that he had been beaten, adding that he was glad the championship was won by an American, did much to reanimate him in public favor, and he expressed his satisfaction that was felt over his downfall.

Corbett, the Sullivan, although born in this country, is of Irish parentage, and therefore he comes naturally by his pugilistic tastes, and friend and foe alike feel for him. Perhaps the big fellow had Charley Mitchell or some other of his kind, since the evening when he expressed his gratification that the honors he had held so long had not been wrested from him by a foreigner.

The 11: Battle the Tangle of the Hour.

Nothing is talked of to-day in the haunts of the sporting fraternity of the city but the big fight. Every feature of the fight, and the details of or one of the other, the one round is being discussed and commented upon with the most absorbing interest.

Almost every one with a bit of sporting blood in his veins had something up on the result of the fight, and loss of money has changed the decision was announced just before midnight.

In the Tenderloin precinct there was the greatest excitement all the evening. Before the fight was on the betting enthusiasm had reached its highest pitch, and wagers were booked at four, five and even six to one on the champion. The other sports could not see how John could fall to his knees.

He didn't know what he's whipped," they said, "and I will never be positive for a man of Corbett's size, no matter what his science and agility may count for, to stop him."

Every public place in that part of the town has its sporting taker, and crowds began to gather about the instruments early in the evening, devoting with intense eagerness the gossip of the fight that was flashed over the wire and printed on the tape.

Bulletins Shown at the Big Club-Houses.

At the big club-houses and in various other places bulletins were also received directly from the scene of the fight, and were read to the members.

When the fighting actually began excitement rose to the highest pitch, and as round after round came in showing that the Californian was making a punching bag of the Boston terror, the faces of Sullivan's backers began to lengthen and the champion's stock to fall.

Bets were being made all the time and at last when ten or a dozen rounds had been fought the odds had dropped completely by out of sight, and the followers of Corbett had difficulty in getting even money on the result.

Sullivan Enthusiasts Hoped On to the Last.

A few enthusiasts for Sullivan still held out, and as John's weakness began to get a job of poster, their hopes did not rise correspondingly and they would joyfully declare that he was still in it.

The last three rounds, however, dampened their ardor, and they could only watch the tape with despairing eyes as they saw their money, up at 2 and 3 to 1 slipping away from them.

It is said that at the last estimate more than \$100,000 changed hands in the Tenderloin precinct alone this morning.

Some of the Heavy Losers.

Among the heavy losers in town is said to be Mike Dwyer, who wagered \$2,000 to \$1,000 on Sullivan early in the evening. Billy Jackson, who was formerly a sporting partner of the Boston boy, bet \$1,000 on the champion at 10 to 1.

Tom Gould says he had a number of bets on Sullivan that he would knock out Corbett in ten or fifteen rounds. He estimates his losses at \$4,000.

The winners, however, were easier to find, and the circulation around the hotel corridors and the gilded saloons of the Tenderloin was thick with the winners of the fight.

One of the happiest of these men was Snapper Garrison, the jockey, who spent the evening at the Hoffman House. He had been sure of the result, and he was now a wealthy man.

Mike Leaven, another well-known sportsman, exhibited a roll of \$5,000, for which he came in as soon as the result was announced.

John H. Leaven, who was a partner in the fight, and Matt Corbett, were each large winners, besides getting back the money which they posted in making up Corbett's \$10,000 stake.

Lucian Appleby had a snug little roll which he had gathered in on Corbett, and Ed Stokes and Billy Edwards were both on the winning side.

Mr. Stokes had plenty of money to bet on Corbett after the fight began, but the Sullivan man weakened when they saw how the champion was being buffeted around the ring, and thought it best to keep what money they had left in their pockets.

Tom Reeves, ex-Albion pugilist, Henry Steedeker, "Pittsburgh Phil" Butch Thompson and Tim Sullivan are also reported to have won a pile on the fight.

Al Smith says he had two bets of \$6,000 against \$10,000 on Corbett and gathered in a large sum.

Prof. John M. Laffin, who once came to griet at the hands of the big fellow, but his money against him this time and is reported to have come in winner to the amount of \$9,000.

Phil Dwyer, who had \$4,000 of Corbett's stake and acted as first subholder in the match, was happy this morning. He has a was a man better in Corbett, and his good judgment has now netted him several thousand dollars.

Wakely and Johnston Got \$3,000.

It is said that Wakely and Johnston, Sullivan's backers, have lost something like \$3,000. Wakely is first subholder in the match, and one of the liveliest scenes upon the night. It was crowded with Sullivan enthusiasts, and some of the biggest bluffs on record were made there.

The fact that there was no Corbett men in the crowd, and that they were perfectly safe for the enthusiasts to indulge in this amusement, and it was fortunate for them that this was so.

Butch Thompson's winnings are estimated at \$10,000. He took all the bets he could on Corbett at odds of 3 to 1.

On the other hand, "Honest" John Kelly and his friends plunked on Sullivan, and this morning they find themselves \$20,000 out of pocket by the operation.

Frank Kelly was so sure of Sullivan that he bet \$10,000 to \$2,000 that the champion would win in five rounds. He is in mourning today.

Arthur Tammy, of the *Pittsburgh News*; Jimmy Patterson, today Ryan's old backer, and Jack Cusack also took bets on Sullivan. They are now looking around for somebody to kick them.

Henry Giv Carleton a Winner.

Henry Giv Carleton succeeded in getting some of his money up on Corbett at handsome odds, and early this morning was making merry with his friends.

Among the reported winners at New Orleans are Al Johnson, of Cleveland; Billy Brady, who won \$2,000; Bud Renaud, Bat Masterson, of Denver; Billy Madden, John Lavery, Gus Tutill, George H. Clarke, of Chicago; Domitio O'Malley and Jim Hall, of Albany.

In for a Diet of "Beef and..."

Steve Brodie, who was talking all the bets he could get on Sullivan, lost all the bets he had won in his fight with Myer on Monday evening, while John Condon, of Chicago, and those against him and his San Francisco chums lost all they had won on the previous night, \$8,000.

All the Bostonians at New Orleans plunked down their money on John L. and a whole lot of them had to borrow money with which to get home. Most of the New York sports are also coming home dejected.

Crowds About "The Evening World's" Bulletin Board.

There was no end of excitement around the *World's* bulletin board, and during the evening the street was packed with interested watchers.

Among the crowd it was evident that Sullivan was the favorite, for every bulletin that told of the pommeling that the big fellow was receiving at the hands of the Californian was received with approval by the cheering of the minority could be heard faintly.

When the defeat of the favorite was finally announced there was a mingled sound of cheering and groaning and hissing. The majority seemed to be dazed by the result.

Aroused Nearly as Much Interest as a Presidential Election.

Then the news of the fight and the part of the newspapers for the Extra Evening *World*, and within a short time after the result was known the shouts of "Evening World Extra!" were ringing through the streets from the Battery to Harlem.

It was a great night, and the interest displayed around the bulletin board of the *World's* bulletin board, and during the evening the street was packed with interested watchers.

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